

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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LATEST TELEGRAPH DISPATCHES.

## ALMOST ANOTHER TRAGEDY!

### A LIGHTNING EXPRESS TRAIN!

Could not Tumble Down from a Fifty-foot Embankment with More Rapidity than the Prices have Tumbled at the

## HOUSE OF D. KLASS,

Since the Announcement of CLOSING OUT STOCK on account of a change of business January 1st, 1888. While Competitors may wonder, study and dislike this FORCED SALE, the people will have the benefit of buying goods for a song. Bear in mind that every article in the entire stock at cost, and not so-called cost, but actual cost, and that at such slaughtering prices. CASH only buys the goods. No credit; no Charges made during this FORCED SALE. Do not lose time; buy while the stock is not broken.

D. KLASS.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

PRaise THE LORD.

ABERDEEN, MISS., Dec. 1, 1887.  
DEAR INTERIOR:—Last Sunday being the "1st Sunday in Advent," we had the Bishop of Mississippi to preach for us. I like him much as a sermonizer, I don't know him else. He gave us a capital discourse with never a scrap of a note, and much eloquence, on the LORD'S "Sudden Coming to His Temple," spoken of in the last chapter of Malachi. He avoided the central topic of the scripture—the glorious advent of our Savior God and King, to take the helm of state; put down the great usurper; and purge His dross-encrusted Church, in the final consummation. But he spoke beautifully upon the varied spiritual coming to each one—rehearsals, all, of that great final advent—and made everything very practical and personal. It is long since I have heard so stirring a preacher as Bishop Thompson. In person he is not unlike Bishop Dudley, as I looked at him from the back of the church; though really comely and surplize reduce any parties of average stoutness to identical figures, when duly robed. These garments cover all inequalities. The lawn sleeves of Bishops, with their amplitude, further disguise proportions. So I may be wholly mistaken in Bishop T.'s make-up, apart from the ecclesiastical appearance. He's a grand preacher, anyway. I know one of them when I meet him. No amount of lawn and trimming can make or mar a preacher. *Nascentur am fit*

The resident curate is a Rev. Mr. Marks, and I heard him the Sunday before, as well on Thanksgiving day. In his Sunday's discourse he gave me a thought that thrilled me, and which, I trust, may abide, in power, in my life henceforth. His theme was—Elijah the Tishbite, under the juniper tree, in that hour of supreme dejection, when he prayed to die that he might get away from present troubles. The preacher said: "Elijah forgot that he was a co-partner and co-worker with God; and had no more right to lay down this partnership work than God had, because everything did not go to suit his mind." I never, exactly, saw it in this light before, though, of course, the co-partnership and co-worker-ship were familiar in thoughts. Yet how gloriously true it is! How infinitely certain it is that God will not grow weary nor discouraged, though so often belied; but will carry on with persevering LOVE what He has set His hand of power to do. I don't think Brother Marks saw just where his gospel led to; and when I afterwards thanked him for being the channel of the divine teaching and giving me such a delicious *bonnie bouche*, he seemed rather surprised that I set such store by it. But it was meat to me, that he knew not of, and thought bore me on eagle wings to the certain consummation of that glorious fact, that our God will never cease to work while sin and misery mar the glorious empire over which He claims absolute authority, and in which no rival can be tolerated, in perpetuity. Far less so hideous a monster as death. If there were a second death for which no resurrection were provided, how far short would the "free gift" fall of the "condemnation." But that can never be, as Paul shows us in the 5th of Romans. "Death of death, and hell's destruction" alone can fill the bill, as even one of our own orthodox poets has sung—not knowing the full meaning of his words, nor whither they reached. A second and third point made by Brother Marks were also good and practical, but less glorious than the first. The second was this: "Elijah forgot that there might be many others unknown to him, but known to God, who were, after a fashion, faithful to the Truth. We imagine the rest Temple of Truth rests upon our shoulders alone, if we have been used signally of God. This is pure conceit and

needs correction. We will always be only one of many." A third lesson was this: "Elijah lowered himself spiritually when he began to criticize others. When he querulously assailed his people, his own backslidden state was assured. A fault-finding spirit is a certain symptom of decline." So spoke the preacher. Ah, me! *Domine dirige nos!* A capital sermon, tho' simply and plainly spoken, and little confinement to notes. I think "freedom of utterance" is a contrivance mark of Southern preachers, that is not so often met with North, where paper sermonizing is more the rule. Another thing I shall gratefully remember in connection with this Aberdeen priest of the P. E.: In the responses, he gave the congregation time, fairly, to "say their say," without being snubbed and cut short. Honor to this exceptional man of God. How I dislike that P. E. It is so untrue. As I heard Father Gavazzi say, in an Italian burst of bad English, in Philadelphia, 35 years ago: "Protestant! It is too late for me!" The name has no significance as a general protest against evil. It "goes without saying" that Christians all do that, and surely it is not a standing protest against the various sects. That would be too odious. It can only mean anything, as a historical rebuke of the Papacy. It is borrowed from the Continent of Europe, where they did protest. But the Church England, from whom we spring, never did that. She drove the Pope "bag and baggage" out of England—Church and State; and it was the poor ousted Pope who did all the protesting, and does, to this day. What a historical blunder P. E. is! I hope the good Fathers will some day alter it. I shall not make anybody's hair rise by suggesting a substitute, as I easily could. But P. E. couldn't be worse, if the brethren tried, "all of which is respectfully submitted," by one, who being a member of the "Mother Church," can appropriately lecture the erring children.

The cold snap turned off, after two days of it, into a lovely, bracing, seasonable spell, with cloudless blue sky by day and radiant full moon at night.  
I see by my yesterday's paper that our dear old Dr. Parker, of the Holborn City Temple, London, has not escaped the clutches of that "money devil" that certainly infests, if he does not preside over Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, just now. Is it the remaining "bile" within me that is stirred, or is it "righteous indignation"? Let us hope the latter. At any rate something within me fairly sickens at the pitiful exhibition of meanness presented by a prominent officer, in a historic church, insulting his old pastor's bosom friend by begrudging him his expenses paid, in crossing the Atlantic, to eulogize the greatest preacher of the century. To stint a guest from across the water, too! Cheese-paring with one who sits at our table! It is enough at once to make Mr. Beecher turn in his grave, and the blood of every honorable American boil in his veins. The honor of this great country, battered by this dreadful deacon of the Plymouth Church for \$700! This is the crowning littleness of the century. I know nothing more disgraceful since Arnold bargained for West Point. There! "bile" or "righteous indignation," I feel better for saying this little say, in reprobation of this un-American treatment of a stranger, who has trusted our hospitality. I do not protest. "Protestant is too less for me!" Scornful repudiation; spewing this Plymouth deacon out of mouth, alone can satisfy any honest man. And I am not going to qualify this by saying "Dr. Parker may have done wrong." I don't believe it. I trust his telegram from Chicago. It is simply enough to obliterate the deacon. But it will not. The "money devil" will see that he has a following in Plymouth, if I know this generation; and I think I do. And all this shame on us will go back to the mother country as a specimen of "Yankee meanness," "cute ness," and do move to make another record between sundere kindred, who were beginning to draw nearer in bonds of fellowship

than a war would. Hard knocks and mutual respect may go together, but meanness digs a chasm that honor cannot cross. And this is the way America treats England's next to greatest preacher. *O tempora! O mores!*

We expect to go to Columbus, Lowndes county, to-morrow, and begin in the courthouse there Saturday night. We are so glad the dear LORD sent us to Aberdeen. We landed, strangers in a strange city, unannounced, and unheralded by any, save lying reports; burdened by the growing dislike that greets "unconnected" evangelists, favor that order has multiplied so rapidly in quantity at the expense of quality; and here, especially, we were frowned upon by orthodoxes.

We leave in less than two weeks, with most of these drawbacks wholly obliterated, and another place on the map, where, come when we will, we shall always be welcomed by warm hearts and full audiences. How easy to say "Praise the LORD" under such circumstances. Which we do, most fervently.

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

Maria Letcher.

The recent death of Maria Letcher, the widow of General Gordon Granger, was an event that naturally awakened the melancholy interest of Evansville society, in which she had been at different times a figure of exceptional prominence. She was a favorite relative of several of the most important families in Evansville, and appeared here first in the blush of maidenhood more than twenty years ago.

There were such charms about her as are rarely given to mortals. Like Hypatia she seemed more a creature of the Gods than of the earth. It is not necessary to use extravagant phrases in describing her physical and mental graces, because no one ever can within the influence of her beautiful presence that was not impressed with the nobility that shone forth in her every attribute. Her beauty of form and face was statuesque and would sometimes have seemed cold in its refinement had it not been for the warm heart in her bosom, the gentility and ingenueness of which expressed itself in every act and word. Her smile gave a radiance to her face as kind as that which the old painters gave to the beloved disciple, and when this broke into laughter it was like the rippling music of a waterfall on a June night. Stately in figure as well as beautiful in face, she had the calm dignity of action that belongs only to noble natures. Intellectually, it is not too much to say that her powers were almost supernatural, for no one who knew her well will fail to remember how more than equal she was to the best minds with which she was brought into daily contact, not only here but in the best circles of society throughout the country, in all of which she was known and great qualities were recognized. Whether in the brilliant circles of the National Capital, at Saratoga in the season, or in the salons of New York or Paris, Maria Letcher was always the centre of the most brilliant circles—a queen in character and in bearing, a wit of whose flashes were all the more admirable because they never gave pain but only pleasure. Flattered and honored by people of distinction and education wherever she went, the quality that made her lovelier than any other was the unaffected sincerity of her love and remembrance of the old times and the old friends among whom her girlhood days were passed.

Maria Letcher was married in this city soon after the close of the war between the States to Gordon Granger, one of the most brilliant dashing generals whose efforts brought success to the Federal arms and are to-day the glory of our country. He was a fitting mate for a woman who appreciated valor and patriotism as the highest qualities that a man can show. They lived a life of ideal happiness, and wherever their lot was cast, the homage of their associates was so marked that one only had to be with them to see how genuine it was

and to know why it was given. A truer man and woman never pledged their vows at the sacred altar. His was the strength and courage of the cavalier—here was the charming grace, the kindness and tact of a noble womanhood. They had one son, who survives them both. A few years after his birth the father died, and his son became the pride and constant companion of his mother's after years. Modest fortune was theirs, but all the sweets of life were theirs, and the mother's failing health, which began soon after husband's death, with what fortitude and resignation she carried on the struggle, without complaint or murmurings, with always a sweet, cheery disposition that made the inevitable decree of nature more intensely and to those who loved her, there are those in Evansville who know too well, and to them the news of her death came not as a surprise, hardly as a regret, because it was an assurance at least of her release from pain.

As one who knew and loved this woman for all there was lovely in her, these words seem but the poorest tribute—mere idle sounds. But if the sweet story taught by the Kind Master be true there may be a time in the by and by when, in an atmosphere of ineffable sweetness, old and dear friends may be reunited in a world where there will be no suffering, neither sorrow nor the shadow of parting. —Evansville Courier.

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Since the 31st inst. Mr. John Magee has been the proud father of a wee baby girl. —Mrs. Whit Montgomery gave a social dance at her house on last Thursday night.

—The lovely Christmas goods in Mr. J. R. Bailey's drug store are rapidly disappearing.

—Miss Alice Stuart gave her pupils a handsome treat at the close of her school last Friday.

—Mr. Bowen Gover and Miss Alice Ward edited the temperance paper at the lodge last Tuesday night.

—Mr. John McClure and his pretty wife are now duly installed as young housekeepers. They are living in Mrs. Hunter's house, beyond the depot.

—Rev. M. C. Morgan, a Methodist minister, who is to preach here once a month, conducted services at the Christian church Monday and Tuesday nights.

—Mr. James Cummins attempted to blow out a hanging lamp several nights ago, when it exploded and burnt his forehead very badly. He narrowly escaped a very serious accident.

—There will be a meeting at Mrs. W. K. Buchanan's Thursday night, 15th, relative to organizing a spelling match. All who would like to join the class are cordially invited to be present.

—All the members of the Christian church are requested to meet at the church next Sunday morning, immediately after Sunday school, for the purpose of conducting a business meeting.

—Mrs. D. B. Elmiston is suffering a great deal with the rheumatism. Little John Scott, who has the malarial fever is some better. Mr. G. W. James is sick too. Mr. J. F. Holden is well enough to be in the store again.

—Rev. J. Q. Montgomery's time as pastor for the Christian church expired last Sunday. He was called again for next year, but the call, as yet, has not been accepted. Mr. Montgomery is greatly liked by everybody here and we believe it is the earnest wish of every member of the church that he will labor with them again next year.

—It was our good fortune to be present at an elegant dining at Miss Maggie Davis' last Sunday. The guests showed their appreciation of the feast of good things by a most hearty participation. The fair hostess who is always lovely and attractive outshone her usual self and with every guest that day will be enshrined among pleasant memories. Each of them join with me in thanking her for the enjoyable enjoyment enjoyed.

—Rev. R. A. Hopper, of Lebanon, preached at the Christian church last Friday night. A Mr. Daugherty, of Elizabethtown, who is a splendid singer, was present and led the singing. He also sang two beautiful solos: "I am the Child of a King" and "If I Were a Voice."

—Mrs. Morris Farris and Miss Allie Dunn, of Danville, are the guests of Mrs. J. H. Hutchings. Misses Mattie and Lizzie Mr. Embury Beasley, of Goshen, have been visiting the Misses Stuart. Mr. Robert Collier and wife paid a short visit to Mrs. N. Shumate, at Brodhead. Curtis Egbert is spending this week with relatives in the country. Mr. Will Ramsey and wife, of Stanford, were the guests of Mrs. Eliza Carson Sunday. She accompanied them home. Mr. A. Broadus, of Lancaster, has been visiting Miss Maggie Davis. Mrs. Ruth Hines, of Walton, Boone county, is the guest of Mrs. W. O. Hansford. Mr. S. K. I. Fish, of Vincennes, Indiana, is visiting his father's family. Miss Amanda Hutchison has returned from Missouri.

JUST TO FILL UP.

[Contributed.]

MR. EDITOR:—As an auxiliary to the waste basket, don't you think a department in your paper prayerfully dedicated to the use and benefit of tyros in journalism might be made interesting and profitable? The fear of that gloomy receptacle of rejected correspondence has restrained the pen of budding, struggling genius, lost to the world of literature many a gem of thought, and, perhaps, has driven to the ministry or to the corn fields scores of born journalists. The caption will relieve the editor of responsibility and express the popular idea that contributed matter is badly needed "just to fill up."

Did you ever think how little comprehension of or attainments in science, literature, metaphysics, theology or common sense is required to make a popular temperance lecturer? Lots of cheek, a good voice, pathetic manners, graceful attitudes, a memory for a few sentences, old jokes (cheerful), epithets (and), experimental knowledge of how it feels, is about all that is necessary to eminent success.

An old newspaper man who once got ahead of his constituents in progressive-ness and failed, wants to find a suitable location for an anti progressive organ; wants to combat every movement looking to the advancement of the arts and sciences and go back to the good old days of dirt roads, log churches, long credits, lay-preachers, honest officials, weekly mails, home-spun clothing, and a hog-and-hominy diet. He is again church organs, skating rinks, base ball and brass bands; will take stove wood and carpet rags on subscriptions; will pledge himself to print both sides of every family quarrel, church controversy or private scandal that may be offered. Is there an opening at Stanford?

Among the long list of special providences is that vouchsafed the country editor in that he does not and dare not hear all that is said about him between issues of his paper. So long as he is in ignorance of the criticisms of his constituents how grandly he seems to rise above all they say, as if really indifferent alike to praise and censure; puffing to day his enemy of yesterday and forgetting to puff his devoted defender of the day before! Thus the positions of each are changed while the noble editor goes on unchanged forever; happy in a sunny temper, in blissful ignorance of it all. It is well that some "d-d well-meaning friend" don't tamper with this fortunate "providence," for editors are largely human and it is hard for them to sink personal relations toward men in their professional treatment of them.

In the interest of a latter's rights, as well as the development of the hidden resources of the Kentucky mountains, it is important that some wise legislation upon disputed land titles and boundary claims be enacted by the incoming Legislature. If this subject is stirred up, though, it is reasonable to fear that whatever legislation is done

will be in the sole interest of monopolies and non resident claimants of large indefinite boundaries. It is a fact that there are thousands of acres of timber and mineral lands in the State, that, without some special legislation, it is next to impossible for anybody to acquire a perfect title to. Upon insufficient title no development can be made without risk of costly and endless litigation. A law compelling the settlement or abandonment of title to lands held by adverse claimants; and lands upon which there are two or more patents issued, within a specified time under a penalty of a forfeiture of all rights, would perhaps aid in the solving of many existing land problems, and, while sparing much litigation in future, would give a fair chance to the bona fide settlers to acquire a home. In some portions of the State large boundaries of land are held from the settler by claimants with patents declared void for "want of deliviteness." If a poor settler buys a warrant and enters a survey upon these lands he is at once coveted and threatened with a suit, and appeal, the cost of which is worth more than the present value of the lands; hence he is intimidated.

About the 30th of this month a democratic Legislature will assemble at the Capital of democratic Kentucky to enact laws for the good of the Commonwealth and the perpetuity of the democratic party. Why should a democratic press and this Assembly become antagonistic forces? A lesson ought to have been learned from the hard fight and reduced majority for the party in the last State election that will cause the democratic papers to go a little slow in their strictures upon men and things. The press has had its say in the selection and election of members and should stand off and give the Assembly a fair chance before entering their criticisms and urging their individual opinions. The democratic party of old was cock of the walk and did as it pleased to do. Whatever the party decided in caucus, that it did, the press to the contrary notwithstanding. As a democrat of the old line, I am in favor of the caucus upon all questions, and think that the papers of democratic persuasion should discuss these questions in more moderation so they can gracefully fall in with the majority and not have to eat so awfully much crow hereafter. Let us all pull together just this once. Dirt digging is altogether out of order.

The Stanford INTERIOR JOURNAL seems to have found some Kentucky papers that felicitate themselves upon the prospects for a short term of the Legislature this winter. A Kentucky editor who is ignorant enough of the nature of a Kentucky Legislature to harbor such a delusion should be expelled from the fraternity for hopeless imbecility. —Owensboro Inquirer.

Buckley's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

A Woman's Discovery

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this country. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hancock & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Get a trial bottle at A. R. Penny's drug store.

The Verdict Unanimous

W. D. Salt, Druggist, Ripley, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles and was cured of Rheumatism of 19 years standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at A. R. Penny's Drug Store.